



"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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Miscellaneous.

ASAAD SHIDIAK.

Concluded from p. 611.

The next day (6th) we embarked at Acre for Sour (Tyre,) which we reached the following day; and the day after, proceeding by land, we arrived at Sidon. Here Wortabet, though much fatigued, immediately set about finding me a Mahomedan servant, and a couple of horses for our journey to Canobeen. He found both, and engaged we should proceed at day break. On Saturday morning I took leave of this worthy and energetic disciple of the Lord, and likewise of my brother P., whose presence, as well as that of Wortabet, I was steadfast in declining in this expedition.

After traversing several mountains, we arrived at Biedden, the prince's residence, about five P. M. I lost no time in waiting upon the Emeer Ameen. I found here also Emeer Beshier himself, who, travelling by land, had reached this palace sooner than I, who had come partly by sea. I was received politely, and after the expected compliments, handed the order to Emeer Ameen who was sitting by him. The Emeer Beshier, as if willing to retract a part of the order, coolly remarked, "We have few soldiers." I said to the Emeer Ameen, "You see this is an order from our effendi for ten soldiers." The two emeers were sitting nearly in the same line from me, and as both the emeers and the pasha are called *effendina* (our effendi) the former supposed me to be speaking to him, and alluded to the order of *effendina* the pasha.—So he replied quickly, "I know you have the order of *effendina* for these men." I did not think it necessary to correct his mistake, and we sat some time in profound silence, each waiting to see what the other would do. At length one of the officers requested me to follow him, when I rose and took my leave. The officer led me to a room in the palace, saying it was for me, and that all my wants would be anticipated. At sun-set, accordingly, supper was sent us. Afterwards I felt a curiosity to ascertain the degree of honor conferred on Ibrahim's favor, and found on inquiry that I had been placed on a footing with the emeers and other subordinate princes. My Mahomedan servant, in the mean time, entreated me, for his sake at least, (being a shereff or descendant of Moham-med,) to act the emeer, to command, insist, get angry, &c. I thought it best to depute him to act in my stead, and see that every thing was fitting. Next day being the Lord's day, I inquired of my servant Ahmed, whether it was necessary to wait upon the prince, for I was desirous of spending the day alone. He assured me it was not necessary; that on the contrary the rule was to wait patiently till sent for. I accordingly remained pretty much at home until about four o'clock, when I was surprised by a visit from two officers of rank.—The chief one said he was secretary to the Emeer Ameen, and moreover the friend of Asaad, and that he was truly happy to see me proceed on such a mission. "I am charged," continued he, "by the Emeer Ameen,

to acquaint you that although every soldier is wanted to proceed against Demascus, yet he will give you the number you wish."

"I require," said I, "the number specified in the prince's order, that is, ten."

We now left Biedden, travelling from ten to twelve hours daily, the soldiers, of course, on foot. The paths were generally up high mountains, or down valleys, keeping those on horseback in a constant state of attention, lest a false step should precipitate to the earth both horse and rider. In order to guard against opposition at Canobeen, as well as to prevent the Maronite priests tampering with the men, and thus perhaps defeat the object of my journey, I deemed it prudent to enjoin silence respecting our destination. I was confirmed in the propriety of this measure, by seeing Maronite priests invariably come up, wherever we rested, and interrogate one or other of the men in an earnest but low tone of voice. I was struck with their invariably guessing the patriarch to be the object of our mission, when their looks scowled a disapproval. Observing the power of the priests, especially at Metein, I called the men together, and declared that if any one held any further communications with them, I would order him back to Biedden. I reminded them that the priests might turn the whole population of the mountains upon us, if they found that we were going to assault the convent of Canobeen. This I think had the desired effect.

Arriving at Tanureen on the 13th, the shekh of the mountains mentioned, that the patriarch had arrived at Canobeen the preceding day. This worthy man, whose name is Phares ibn Anton, showed so much liberality of mind that, being moreover within six hours of Canobeen, I unfolded to him the whole matter of my visit, at which he seemed much astonished. Recovering himself however, "I would never," said he, "condemn people for thinking differently from myself. I went perhaps three hundred times to the convent to reason with Asaad, but he did not convince me."

After a journey of four days over mountains and through defiles, perilous enough to those on horseback, on the evening of the 14th of June we descried the convent of Canobeen. It was situated on the opposite side of a deep ravine about midway up the almost perpendicular cliff. I confess I was struck with awe, when I compared the strength of its position with our little force, in case we should be opposed. It had evidently been a place of strength in former times, and even now could scarcely be taken except by being battered down by cannon from the opposite side of the valley. The convents I had hitherto seen were on the contrary easy of access. However, there was no time for reflection, so we marched forward. I got down as I best could, one side of the ravine. At the bottom I found what is in summer a rivolet, but in winter a river, and after crossing it on a bridge, my servant Ahmed begged me to ascend the other to the convent on horseback. I objected to this display, especially as it seemed like riding up a wall, but as he assured me there was a safe, circuitous path, we mounted our horses. I rode along

however, with apprehensions, the road being a mere foot path, and constantly along a yawning abyss. I felt my head getting dizzy, but by an effort, directing my eyes and attention to objects above me, I managed to preserve my self-possession. After a great many turns, we got near the convent, where the soldiers, by a shorter path, had already arrived with the letter of the emeer. I saw soon that we were not to witness an exhibition of the patriarch's heroism, in defence of his castle, for we were received about eighty yards from the convent by two priests, with servants, &c. who welcomed us in, and led us at once to the hall of audience. I demanded the patriarch. Paolos, a priest, who had apparently resided in Italy, answered in good Italian, that he was at vespers, but that as for Asaad Esh Shidiak, if I wished, I was at liberty to search all over the convent. "But," said he, "the man is dead." Another priest came up and said, "I am his relation, I was present here when he died, two years ago." They then begged me to be seated, but I declined. They entreated. I replied, that my mission prevented my accepting anything at their hands. They nevertheless continued entreating and brought sherbet and pipes, neither of which I would receive. "What," said they, "do you take us for Mohammedans? We are Christians. There is no poison here," (drinking part of the sherbet.) They once more offered it to me, but I again declined it. I stood in this manner for about half an hour, surrounded by priests and servants, who all kept silence, when the patriarch was at length announced. I advanced to meet him. On coming up he appeared much troubled, but recovering himself, he began complimenting me in a profuse and vapid manner. I attempted to interrupt him, but in vain: he kept on. Then suddenly retiring, for what reason I know not, he again appeared, and we all went underneath the awning. Here he again renewed his compliments, but I succeeded in interrupting him, saying that I wished to speak with him *one word*.

"Speak," said he.

"By authority from Emeer Besheer I require at your hands Asaad Esh Shidiak."

Here he trembled. "He died," said he, "in this convent, two years ago; but as you may not believe me—Paolos, (calling a priest,) shew this Englishman all over the convent, and open every room in it for his satisfaction, and let two soldiers go with him."

It was now dark. Lights and keys were sent after.

"But stop," said the patriarch to Paolos, "shew Asaad's grave to him, and that may save the convent from further search."

"I shall search," said I, "every part of the convent."

The patriarch's agitation increased. The two priests apparently with tears in their eyes, conjured me to show him a little respect on account of the servants.

Lights, keys, and servants were now in attendance, and we began a regular and minute search. The two soldiers, partly to shew their zeal for their leader, and partly perhaps from their hunger and fatigue, set about their work in the most boisterous manner, striking with their clubs, as they passed, every box, chest, and divan, calling out, "Asaad, Asaad, come forth." We searched every room, cavern, and dungeon, the soldiers, notwithstanding my remonstrances, continually shouting, and hailing the convent ring with Asaad's name. The chapel alone I declined entering. We saw the room where the priest said Asaad was confined. They said the door had not been walled up. It was a cell about five feet by four, having no window, but a hole to admit the air, and opening apparently into the court. According to them the disease of which Asaad died was the dropsy. I left in the room a paper on which was written in Arabic, these words, "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I remarked to Paolos and the rest, that the blood of Asaad was on the patriarch's head.

"Did you know Asaad?" said Paolos.

I answered, "No."

"Why, then, do you take so much interest in him?"

"Because in England and America, Asaad is considered like Paul."

"This does not concern us. You seem to think Asaad was barbarously treated, but I assure you the patriarch is a mild man, and we merely kept Asaad a prisoner here."

Another priest said, "I am his relation, and he was put under my charge when the patriarch was absent months together. Would I have ill treated my relation?"

I here recollected the prince's injunction not to reason at the convent. We had now finished our search, but there was no Asaad. "Shall we now go to his grave," said Paolos; "Shall we dig up his bones? Only say so and we shall instantly comply with your wishes."

I said, "Shew me the grave."

Lights were again brought, and the two priests accompanied me out of the convent, to what appeared to be a little burying ground. The way was along several precipices. Paolos took firm hold of my coat, and entreated me to take care and avoid the serpents. We went cautiously, our lights shewing indistinctly the path, and at last came to a part so precipitous that, in spite of my caution, I lost my balance, and should have had a most serious tumble into the ravine, had not Paolos held me with all his might. I could not help feeling gratitude for his kindness. On reaching another very steep place, Paolos and another priest said that they would stop there, and wait my return, unless I specially wished them to proceed. I got over, and a servant pointed me the grave. I answered, "It is enough;" for as I had no means of identifying the remains, I did not think it best to have them disinterred.

On my return, they entreated me for a long time to sup and pass the night in the convent, as they said all travelers did. There were wild beasts and serpents outside, which might do me injury, perhaps take my life. I told them that I could receive nothing from the patriarch, and that positively I would neither eat, drink, nor sleep in his convent. At the same time I gave them to understand, that I made a difference between the patriarch and them, for in truth I was affected by their attentions, especially those of Paolos. Finding their entreaties ineffectual they left me. I now went along the precipice seeking for some spot where I could pass the night. I had not gone far when I heard howling and cries not far from me, as of some wild beast in the jaws of a greater. Being well armed however, I continued my steps until I came to a large tree, underneath which was a platform. Here I determined to pass the night. I had not watched long, when I perceived a couple of objects rise above the brushwood, a few paces from me. After attentively considering them some time, I was convinced that they were men, and put myself in a posture to receive them, in case they meditated my harm. Seeing themselves discovered, they came out and looked at me some time, without saying a word. From their dress I presumed them to be servants of the convent. While they continued staring, I heard my name called aloud from towards the convent, and in a moment after Ahmed appeared in considerable agitation.

"Are you mad," said he, "to remain here? These men will murder you, and throw the body down the ravine. They only wait till you shall fall asleep. And if they don't, you may be devoured by wild beasts, or stung by the serpents." Here he wept, and went on—"I entreat of you go and sleep in the convent. Don't you know that the patriarch will send word of this search to the cottages below, and his people will come and murder you?"

"Let them come," said I, "I am ready. You may sleep in the convent, but I tell you I shall not."

"But," said he, "there is a place of greater safety high to the convent. Only come up there and I will lie down near you."

He trembled, wept, and entreated so much, that I went to see the place he spoke of, and finding it about fifty yards from the convent and in a crag of the precipice, I let him spread my carpet; our arms were laid beside us; and, forgetting the patriarch, wild beasts, and serpents, hungry and exhausted, I immediately fell asleep.

On waking next morning, I observed a priest and some one with him apparently watching us from the terrace of the convent. Having now nothing to do with Canobeen, or its inmates, we mounted our horses, bade adieu to the priest, and set off. The soldiers, having no blanketing, had obtained leave to sleep in the convent, and the captain of them came out to say, that so soon as the patriarch should have finished a letter he was writing to the prince, they would all follow us. We now proceeded along the edge of the ravine, and five hours afterwards found ourselves on a height overlooking the plain of Tripoli, and about four hours distant from that city. The soldiers had now joined us. Calling them together, I told them that I was willing the whole population of the mountains should know what had been done. The first place we arrived at was Amioon. We went to the shek's house, and, as usual, the room, a large one, was soon filled with the most respectable inhabitants of the village assembled to inquire the news. I had here occasion to address them at considerable length, detailing first what had been done in the mountains, and afterwards answering questions respecting our doctrine;—all which appeared satisfactory, with one exception, viz. my want of faith in the Greek fire at Jerusalem. From this circumstance I perceived that they were chiefly of the Greek church.

"I heard yesterday," said the shekh, "that the British consul had gone to Canobeen, with an armed force, to establish a Protestant school there. I wish Mr. Bird would establish one here. What is the object of the king of England in getting schools established in these regions?"

"It is not the king of England, but a body of pious men in England, and America."

Sheks and others. "What is their motive?"

"Love to man."

This remark was as usual unintelligible to them. After conversing three hours, I took leave. The soldiers had begged that we might return by the sea side. My servant joined in the request, lest the horses should be permanently injured by a continuance of mountain traveling. We accordingly bent our steps to Batroon, where we arrived late. The shekh was absent, and the people, though under the prince, did not seem to care much for his authority. We set off from Batroon two hours before day-break, and at mid-day reached Gibail, where our appearance attracted a large assembly. I addressed them on the change in the patriarch's authority. Among others present, I remarked two priests hovering on the outer edge of the crowd. I here discharged the soldiers, giving them a certificate of their good behavior, and satisfying them in other respects. On the road to Beyroot we met occasionally mountaineers, to whom I communicated what had taken place in Canobeen. Reached Beyroot at ten, P. M.

R. Ton.

REV. ROYAL WASHBURN.

Extract from an Obituary Address delivered by the Rev. Professor Fiske of Amherst College, at the Funeral of Mr. Washburn.

ROYAL WASHBURN was son of the Rev. Azel Washburn and Sarah Skinner Washburn, born at Royalton Vt. Dec. 6, 1797. He was the fourth of

ten children, seven of whom still live to sympathise with their parents in the common sorrow for a departed son and brother.

Of his early childhood we have nothing to mention, except that he appeared to all, a remarkably contented and cheerful boy. His own testimony adds to this that the tender associations of his first years were of a religious and serious character. The family instructions, and especially the pious solicitude of a mother, whose affection and fidelity to Royal, were perhaps unconsciously increased by the loss of her two previous sons in infancy, formed in his young mind a conscience of peculiar delicacy and strength. When he had arrived at the age of thirteen, his native town was blessed with a special revival of religion, under the ministration of the Rev. Martin Tuller. He felt its influence, resolved to consecrate himself to the service of Christ, and soon joined the church, rather against the judgment of his parents, who feared that his youthful piety might prove as it too often has done in other cases, as transient as "the morning cloud and early dew."

[He immediately entered upon elementary studies with a view to the ministry; but was ere long led to renounce the religious hope which at first animated him, and to enter upon other employments. At Norwich, in 1815, a new era in his religious history commenced.]

"Here," said he, speaking on the subject only a few days before his death, "here the Holy Spirit operated on me, and it was like the fire and the hammer; to this day I have a vivid recollection, how the depravity of my heart was then exhibited to me; I can truly adopt the language of President Edwards, *no words can express it—it appeared the most perfect righteousness in God to cast me off forever.*" These impressions were not momentary, they continued and increased for weeks. It appeared a peculiar aggravation of his guilt, that he had dishonored his Saviour as he supposed, by a false profession, and how could such an offender ever be pardoned? His conviction soon deepened into such distressing anxiety and despondency, as threatened to destroy reason and life itself.

In this state of mind by advice he visited home. It was in accordance with his filial spirit to rely on maternal skill for relief in every trouble. But when on learning his present case, his mother said, "My son, I cannot help you," the unexpected reply pierced him with anguish; to use his own words, "it came like a dagger to my soul." She, however, conversed with him, and read to him. The first gleam of light was while she was reading to him a hymn; it broke in over the gloom, which previously filled every corner of his mind, in the thought which he instantly uttered, "then God can forgive even me?" "Yes," my son, if you are penitent," she replied. "Then," continued he, in relating this interesting scene to his friend, "Then was I indeed melted—the emotion of penitence seemed to fill my capacities—and I had a new sense of yielding up my soul to God." To this point he referred his conversion himself, although his friends never renounced the impression that the work of grace was begun at the early period already described. After this he had moments of tender anxiety and many transitions from light to darkness, but soon became fixed in a delightful frame of mind; the

religion of Jesus was his all—he wanted nothing else—he turned away from every thing else. For some time his countenance and frame exhibited the effects of the keen distress of soul, which he had experienced; he seemed as one just recovered from a severe attack of sickness. But his enjoyment was now proportionate to his previous distress. God bestowed in unwonted measure the joys of salvation. This peculiar happiness continued after his return to the shop of his employer; it continued while he remained, and nothing could disturb it; no levity of the workmen, and no incident in the affairs of the village could interrupt it. “It continued,” said he, “till I was nearly fitted for college, but gradually I lost that high zest, and scarcely ever since have I enjoyed all the freshness of that love.”

You may well suppose that his heart would now incline again to that course of study from which he had turned aside. After much prayer and serious inquiry he resolved to obtain, if possible, an education for the ministry. He had now, however, no means of support, the peculiar circumstances of the family being such as not to allow his parents to aid him. Some months elapsed. At length the father, ignorant of his wishes, visited the place for the purpose of making a permanent arrangement for him with his employer. The son proposed a private walk, and with tears sought his father's permission to renew his studies with a view to the ministry, saying, “I shall never change again—if I commence again I shall go on.” The parent's consent was easily obtained, under the assurance that the means would some way or other be furnished.

[After describing his collegiate life, his short and useful labors in the ministry, and his absence to a southern climate, without any permanent benefit to his health, his return is thus mentioned:]

With what joy he was received by his family and people, and with what sensations his enfebled voice was heard again in the prayers of the sanctuary, may be passed in silence. Eight months have rapidly flown away. Meantime we and the busy world around, have been intent on minor cares; but he all the while, ripening for heaven.

A calm and cheerful hope had sustained him during his long absence, it did not forsake him when restored to the bosom of his friends. As the disease advanced in its work of destruction, his faith triumphed over the weakness and pains of the body, and when it was evident that his dissolution drew near, his peace became sweeter and his confidence stronger. His mind retained its full energy, and for much of the time was unusually active. With perfect composure he arranged his secular affairs, wishing to relieve from care, as much as possible, his beloved wife, and even to his last day maintained a supervision of all the general concerns of the family. The hours which might otherwise have proved tedious, were devoted to reading and writing. Epistles of Christian love were sent to all his numerous friends. His habits of reflection had never been speculative; and the train of thinking, in which his mind now indulged its activity, was chiefly practical. Not long before his death he mentioned the course which his meditations, without effort on his part, dwelt at first on evidences of Christianity; with great satisfaction he had reviewed these,

and perceived in them new clearness and strength. Next, his own personal piety was a subject of long and careful examination, resulting in a confirmed, cheerful conviction of his interest in the mercy of God through Christ. Then the *value* of this religion to the world, occupied his thoughts and feelings, and as he contemplated the wretchedness of lost sinners, and the perfect fitness of the gospel for their case, he was filled with unconquerable desires for its universal spread. Afterwards, his friends, church, and people became the themes of his reflections, and awakened inexpressible wishes for their salvation.

In vain should we attempt to describe the delightful exhibition of Christian graces, which was presented in the last weeks of his life. No one could visit him, without receiving a deep impression of the peculiar loveliness, with which faith, hope, submission, and affectionate interest for the welfare of others, now invested his character. His kind advice, tender warnings, and pious conversation will, we trust, be remembered by many. Precious sayings continually dropped from his lips. The glories of heaven, the condescension of Christ, and the approaching misery of the impenitent were topics of frequent remark. Near the time of Christmas, he requested his wife to read from the gospel the accounts of Christ's birth, saying, ‘it is amazing that Christians should think so little as they do among us of that stupendous event;’ as she read the words of Luke ‘because there was no room for them in the inn,’ he exclaimed with weeping, ‘no room for my Saviour in the inn! Alas! and none in the hearts of men for whom he died!’ Speaking of the prospects of the wicked, he said, ‘O, in what crowds do they hurry to ruin! how plainly do I now see it! and yet how needless! There's blood enough, and love enough, if they would but turn!’ Some pages of Payson's *Life* having been read to him, he subsequently remarked, ‘Payson was all imagination. I have none; but I have been thinking of his most figurative expressions, but I do not know that any thing he says of the perfections of God, or the glories of heaven, goes beyond what I feel and enjoy.’ At another time allusion was made to the saints in heaven, ‘Glorious company,’ said he, ‘but how little we know about them, in what manner they exist, how they converse, or how they serve God. And who are there?’ ‘Payson is there,’ said his wife. ‘Yes,’ added he, ‘and Evarts is there, and Cornelius is there: my grandmother Lyon I know is there, and millions more whom I do not know; but that is nothing; *my Saviour is there*; and therefore they need no candle, neither light of the sun; the Lamb is the light thereof.’

For several of the last days he became extremely exhausted before the time for sleeping. One night having gone to his bed in great weakness, he said, ‘I thank my heavenly father that I am once more on my pillow. Can it be that I am deceived? No, I am not; wherever God is, in any part of his universe there I can be happy.’ Shortly before his death he remarked to me that he had for a part of the time during his sickness taken an interest in speculative theology, but added, ‘Latterly I have relished nothing but simple food; and now I find that evidences don't satisfy; repentance does not answer; faith won't do; there is but one reliance for me, and one emotion; I must have love, and a friend near me to love,

my Infinite Redeemer; I have no imagination in religion, no dreams; but love to Christ, as a near and infinite Friend, is my all."

His departure at last was strikingly sudden. He had often expressed great apprehension respecting the agonies of dissolution. "I see glory beyond," said he, "but the way looks rugged." Quite a different way, however, had God appointed for him. The Lord brought him down to the river of death and let him survey a fearful width of waters; but then reduced them to an "insignificant rill," and helped him to "cross it by a single step." Scarcely fifteen minutes before his last breath, he was engaged in free conversation with one who had called to see him. He subsequently rose that the bed might be adjusted, and when about to take it again, sank in the arms of his wife, and expired without a struggle. Thus he departed on the afternoon of Tuesday last, (Jan. 1st) having just entered the 36th year. It had been his ardent desire while in Georgia, after hope of recovery was removed, that he might return and die in the bosom of his family. His friends have occasion to thank God that this desire of his heart was granted, and that they were privileged to look upon the bright pathway, by which he went up to the new Jerusalem. "The way of the wicked is as darkness; but the path of the just is a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

THE PERSECUTED MISSIONARIES.

The following letter, says the N. Y. Observer, describing a visit to the penitentiary at Milledgeville, immediately after the release of the missionaries, has been sent us by a correspondent in Georgia.

Macon, Jan. 24, 1831.

Messrs Editors—Before this reaches you, the intelligence that the Missionaries have been discharged will have been extensively circulated. When in Augusta, I ascertained that they had withdrawn their suit, and were expecting to be released. But I confess I was somewhat disappointed to learn on my arrival at Milledgeville, that they had actually departed, in company with Rev. Mr. Potter, to visit once more their wives and children, and the former field of their missionary labors. Col. Mills, the keeper of the prison, whose hospitality I was permitted to share for two or three days, invited them the day that they were discharged to spend the night at his house. The next morning he furnished them with a conveyance for their journey, and they started in good spirits on the 15th, with the hope of reaching their families on the 19th. They are now doubtless enjoying the comforts of domestic life, and the congratulations of many of their former pupils.

I was much gratified to hear the full and decided testimony of Col. Mills to their good character as men and as Christians. He says they have conducted with the utmost propriety and decorum. They were always faithful and industrious. As a mechanic, Mr. Worcester was inferior to only one man in the prison. Col. M says that he has seldom, if ever known a man accomplish so much in the same time as Mr. W. has accomplished during the last year. Besides attending faithfully to his work from sunrise to sun-down, (except one hour for rest at noon,) he had prepared a sermon for every Sabbath, with much care; he had also prepared himself for the Bible class

which he attended every Sabbath afternoon, and kept up a very extensive correspondence.

While in the penitentiary, I conversed with several of the convicts, and endeavored to learn their estimate of the character of the missionaries. They all spoke of them in the highest terms as faithful and consistent Christians. Some who were members of the Bible class expressed much regret at being deprived of such valuable instructions. The following extract of a letter written by one of the convicts to his sister, a few days after the missionaries were discharged, will perhaps give a fair expression of the feelings of many.

"There is a subject, however, that entirely engrosses my mind at present, and I am persuaded will afford you considerable satisfaction, and that is, those two missionaries, Dr. Butler and the Rev. Mr. Worcester, who were confined in this place, were released on Monday last by his Excellency Gov. Lumpkin. There has not within my recollection a circumstance occurred that excited two so strongly different feelings within my breast. On their account I am extremely rejoiced, but on my own I am as sorrowful, for in the loss of them I lost the only source of comfort, that I could enjoy in this place. While they remained with us, Mr. Worcester preached in the forenoon of every Sabbath, and in the afternoon he would collect those of us who were so disposed in a Bible class, and spend some hours in instructing us in the knowledge of the word of God. He is a truly faithful servant of Christ. I had hoped to derive much benefit from his instructions, but just as we began to get in the way of understanding the Scriptures it pleased God to remove him, and we are now left desolate and as sheep without a shepherd."

In the keeper's report to the Executive of the State, it is mentioned that the convicts have the past year been brought under religious influence, and that a number have made a public profession of religion.

As I could not see brother Worcester and renew my acquaintance with him, it was interesting to see the articles of furniture which he made, and the clothes he wore. The article of most interest to me, however, was a large desk or book-case in the office of the Secretary of the State. It is 16 or 18 feet long, and stands in the center of the room, with a writing desk on each side, and cases for large Record Books above and below, the whole length. It was made entirely by the missionaries, and may stand perhaps for centuries as a monument of their industry and skill.

In looking into the State House I saw in the Senate chamber, the commissioners engaged in drawing the gold lottery. In the Representatives' Chamber they are drawing the land lottery.

FEMALE EXHORTERS.

There are mentioned, in papers which we have received, recent meetings in which females, as well as males, have been invited to arise and relate their religious experience. And we could name a church, in our connexion, in which, after a regular service, it

It may indeed be a monument of their industry and skill, and our correspondent might have added, a monument to the disgrace of the State, which would exact such services from such men.—*Eds. Obs.*

has been common for an elderly woman to deliver, in an excited and incoherent manner, an exhortation to the people. In other places, women have been called upon to lead in prayer, and sometimes to make addresses. It is plain that the species of heat which engenders irregularities of this kind is not to be desired. That under strong fanatical impulses, in the absence of scriptural knowledge, such things should occur, is not surprising; it is their defence, by ministers of the Gospel, which astonishes and grieves us. *God is not the author of confusion*, and the misguided zeal which throws religious assemblies into uncommonly disorder, though perhaps "a zeal of God" is "not according to knowledge."—The apostolical directions will be understood, by every unsophisticated reader of the Bible, to apply here: "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law." They are not allowed even to ask a question, much less to take a prominent part in prayer or instruction. "If they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church."

The range of appropriate female duties is left sufficiently wide in the Scriptures. Divine grace has signally favored them, in every age of the church, by making so great a proportion of them true believers. The final cause of this, we suppose is to be sought in the circumstances, that they are visited with peculiar trials and sufferings, in which they need special assistance, and that from them as mothers, the whole race receives its earliest impressions. Not to dwell upon their domestic duties—and it is in this sphere that female graces chiefly shine—the field of Christian activity opens many paths for their benevolence. The visitation of the sick, is prominently a work for them. By their natural gentleness and sympathy, and that native tact which they possess in ministering to the pained and languishing, they have great advantages in the performance of this duty. In connexion with this, it is their privilege to carry the instructions and consolations of religion to the families of their vicinity; and from their lips the truth is often received by those who would repel the advances of the ruder sex. The distribution of tracts, opens another door of usefulness. In separate associations, they may with the utmost propriety transact business, and exchange counsel, in aid of all our benevolent enterprises. In like manner, we know of no reason why Christian women may not assemble, for mutual instruction in the Scriptures, for religious conference, and especially for prayer. In these, and a hundred other ways which do not occur to our minds at the moment, they may, without infringing upon the delicacy of their sex, enjoy the privilege of doing and receiving good. More than this, the modesty of the female character, the decorum of society, the natural relation of the sexes, and the word of God concur to forbid. More than this, no lady of sensibility will desire. The feverish and unnatural state of feeling which prompts to more public labors is to be deplored. It has no parallel in the scriptural portrait of the pious woman. There is something lovely in this portrait as given, in scattered traits, throughout the New Testament—and in the mild, retreating, silent, gentle, affectionate, merciful wife or sister of primi-

tive times. Those who imitate this model are still found: discreet, good keepers at home, teachers of good things, well reported of for good works, such as have lodged strangers, washed the saints' feet, relieved the afflicted, diligently followed every good work. We think we have a very high estimate of such a character, and that in these remarks we speak the sentiments, and consult for the honor, of that sex,

"Who, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."

Presbyterian.

A VENERABLE DIVINE.—The National Preacher for January, contains a sermon by Nathan Perkins, D. D., of West-Hartford, Conn., preached on the sixtieth anniversary of his ministry at that place.—Dr. P. says:

"Ten years ago I preached my half-century sermon, which was published at your request, and is probably in most of your houses. I now feel it proper to add some things, suggested by my advanced age, and the return of this anniversary. I am now the oldest officiating minister of the gospel in this State, or, as far as I can learn, in the United States. And I cannot learn from the history of the churches in Connecticut, that there has ever been an instance of one of its ministers preaching for sixty years uninterruptedly to the same congregation; nor, during a life of eighty-three years, have I ever met with one who had preached the gospel of the grace of God to one and the same people for so long a period."

In concluding the sermon, Dr. P. gives the following as among the precious results of his ministry:

"We have been favored with eight precious revivals of religion. In these revivals about five hundred have been made the trophies of sovereign and victorious grace; and in proper time, after enjoying a fit season to test the soundness of their hopes, have been admitted to the communion of the church. Besides these, about two hundred others, in the ordinary times of the gospel, have been received to the communion. Verily our God is faithful to his promises. He has signally honored his truth in the midst of us. And in review, it becomes us to repeat with deep humility and fervent gratitude, 'Not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.'"

HOPKINSIAN WIT, OUT-WITTED.

The Cincinnati Journal contains the following

ANECDOTE.—In one of the villages east of the mountains, resided two clergymen, who labored often in the adjoining country. On Monday morning, they met, and began to converse respecting the events of the preceding Sabbath.

"I will tell you," said one, "of a very kind and precious providence, which I experienced on yesterday. I rode out six miles, and preached to a very interesting congregation, and on my return, while crossing a small bridge, my horse stumbled and fell, and threw me entirely over his head, on the bridge, yet I was not at all hurt. I consider it a very kind and gracious providence."

"True," replied the other, "yet I can relate an instance of God's good providence, demanding even higher gratitude. On yesterday, I took my horse and rode out nine miles and preached to a very interesting church, and rode back to my home, and my horse never stumbled at all."

This anecdote, says Dr. Ely, is well calculated to teach the duty of acknowledging the goodness of God in all events; but our brother Thacher, of the Boston Telegraph, has chosen to give, in a comment upon it, the following specimen of his wit.

"We conclude the above anecdote is calculated to illustrate the difference between old and new measure men; in the far distant West. Our solution of it is this; the stumbling horse illustrates the new divinity and new measure men, who are driving so furiously. The horse that was not caught throwing his rider, illustrates the good old way, which our fathers trod before us, and which never fails the man that walks therein."

Very true it is, concludes the Dr., that many who oppose "new measures" of grace, diligence, prayer, preaching, and confidence in God, "jog on" in their old ways, and at their wonted pace; without being turned into any new path of life and usefulness. It does not follow, however, that their old ways are good. It is proverbial, the "best horse will sometimes stumble." Shall we on that account reject the best horse, and prefer one, which never moves fast enough to accomplish any journey, or do any good? Because the Lord's war horse, whose mane is clothed with thunder, is not perfectly sure footed, shall one of the life-guard of the Captain of Salvation dismount, and betake himself to the office of the Boston Telegraph, that he may bestride the Hopkinson hobby, and sing "hush, my dear," while he rocks himself to sleep with the lullaby, that God is equally the efficient cause of human obedience and transgression? Those who love old dullness and stupidity, and negligence in the service of God, will never be honored with much instrumental agency in converting the world; those who stick to wooden guns may gravely trail ponderous ordnance which will do no execution; but if the Lord will, may he give me an "Arab steed" for fleetness, and the place of an Adjutant General under his command. To fall and break one's neck in such service would be a glorious victory over death.

INDIAN EXAMPLE.

"The Muscogulges, with their confederates the Choctaws, Chickasaws, and perhaps the Cherokees, eminently deserve the encomium of all nations, for their wisdom and virtue in resisting and even repelling the greatest enemy of mankind, I mean spirituous liquors.

"The first and most cogent articles in all their treaties with the white people is, that there shall not be any kind of spirituous liquors sold or brought into their towns; and the traders are allowed but two kegs, (five gallons each) which is supposed to be sufficient for a company, to serve them on the road; and if any of this remains on approaching the towns, they must spill it on the ground, or secrete it on the road, for it must not come into the town.

"On my journey from Mobile to the Nation, just after we had passed the junction of the Pensacola road with our path, two young traders overtook us on their way to the Nation. We inquired, what news? They informed us they were running about forty kegs of Jamaica spirits to the Nation; and after having left the town three or four days, they were surprised on the road in the evening, just after they had come to camp, by a party of Creeks, who, discovering their species of merchandise, forthwith struck their tomahawks into every keg, giving their liquor to the thirsty sand, not tasting a drop of it themselves, and they had enough to do to keep the tomahawk from their own skulls.

Bartram's Travels.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

How interesting he appears to every feeling mind! A child robbed of his mother, excites universal commiseration, and commands affection from every bosom. We look forward with anxiety to every future period of his life; and our prayers and our hopes attend every

step of his journey. We mingle our tears with his on the grave of her, whose maternal heart has ceased to beat; for we feel that he is bereaved of the friend and guide of his youth! His father would, but cannot supply her loss. In vain the whole circle of his friendships blend their efforts to alleviate his sorrows, and to fill the place occupied by his departed worth: a mother must be missed every moment, by a child who has ever known, and rightly valued one, when she sleeps in the grave. No hand feels so soft as hers—no voice sounds so sweet—no smile is so pleasant! Never shall he find again, in this wide wilderness, such sympathy, such fondness, such fidelity, such tenderness, as he experienced from his mother! The whole world are moved with compassion for that motherless child: but the whole world cannot supply her place to him.

From the Sabbath School Record.

CHILDREN'S EXAMPLE.

In one of our large cities lived a faithful Sabbath school teacher. He was a young man, and was accustomed to go around from house to house among the poor people, and invite their children to the Sabbath school. He visited the members of his own class frequently, at their homes, though their parents were very poor, and many of them very wicked. One Sabbath morning, while hearing his class recite their lessons, a gentleman entered the room with two little boys, one seven, the other nine years old. The teacher went and spoke with them. The gentleman said he had brought his two sons to place them in the school. The gentleman was from a foreign country, and supposed that he should have to pay the teacher for instructing his children, and when told that no pay was expected, he said he chose to give something. Having made a present of several dollars for the use of the library, and committed his sons to the care of this teacher, he left the school. The boys were neatly dressed and behaved well, and the teacher was pleased to have such an addition to his class. He began to converse with them, and they told him that their parents would be glad to have him call at their house. He accepted their invitation, and walked home with them after meeting.

The boys invited him in, and then ran to call their mother, saying with much satisfaction, "our teacher has come home with us." Their mother seemed pleased that the teacher was so attentive, and received him with many expressions of kindness.

He was gratified too, to witness the interest of this woman in the welfare of her children, and was anxious to know how these parents were led to place their sons in the Sabbath school. He therefore asked the lady how she had become acquainted with the schools. She replied, "We have been watching the children around us for some months past, and have been so much pleased with the conduct of your scholars that we determined to send our sons to the same school. Having ascertained where it was held, Mr. H. took our sons this morning to the place, and it affords me much pleasure to learn that you are willing to take them under your care." This account was related to me a few days since by the sister of that teacher. I hope every member of our Sabbath schools will read it, and that it may make them feel that their conduct is noticed by others, and that they are expected to do better than other children. I hope, too, that it will make them act all the time as though God saw them. In this way children may do good. C.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, MARCH 2, 1833.

The present week has been marked with the progress of benevolent enterprise.

On Monday evening, a very respectable meeting of ladies and gentlemen was held in the North Church, in furtherance of the object, proposed by the ladies, of providing for orphan children. The meeting was addressed on the subject by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, Rev. Mr. Bacon, and Professor Silliman, and a committee appointed to act in concert with the ladies.

On Tuesday, a numerous meeting of the ladies convened at the Franklin Hall and organized a Society, adopted a constitution, elected their officers, and are ready for action in this work of benevolence. We shall publish more about it hereafter.

On Tuesday, at 11 o'clock, the New Haven County Temperance Society met agreeably to public notice in the Center Church. The reports and statements from auxiliaries throughout the county were interesting and encouraging. In the afternoon the house was filled and the audience listened apparently with much satisfaction to an able and animated address from the Rev. Mr. Bacon. We hope in our next to tell more in detail how the work of reformation is progressing.

And last, but not least, Thursday, the day of concert in behalf of colleges, was observed by christians, as fraught with solemn interest. There was not as much public show as on some occasions, but meetings for prayer were well attended by those who appeared to feel the importance of the object and the efficacy of prayer.

The Managers of the Female Education Society of New Haven acknowledge the receipt of

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|---|--------|
| Bedding and clothing from Ladies of Sharon, apprised at | \$5 00 |
| From Ladies of Wallingford do. | 5 50 |
| From a Lady of New Haven, second-hand clothing. | 2 00 |
| From the Young Ladies Friendly Society of Pettipaug, bedding. | 5 00 |
| From a Lady of East Haven, clothing. | 2 25 |
| From Ladies of Orange, clothing. | 10 66 |
| From the Young Ladies Benevolent Society of Wadsworth, a bed-quilt. | 3 00 |
| From Ladies of Colebrook, by Mr. Grant, bedding and clothing. | 6 33 |

[For the Religious Intelligencer.]

THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

"Come, Lord, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou, who alone art worthy."—COWPER.

Eighteen hundred years ago, our ascending Lord gave to his followers the injunction, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Forty years ago, Dr. Carey, now a devoted and successful missionary in India, with a few associates of congenial spirit, commenced that series of efforts which may be denominated a new era in the history of missions. Then it was that the former, in reference to this great enterprise, uttered the thrilling sentiment, "*Expect great things; attempt great things*"—a sentiment, at that time, much in advance of the age, though now happily more inwrought with our religious creed. The immediate cause of awakening the emotions which prompted these efforts, was the deplorable moral condition of India, then, almost for the first time, laid open to the inspection of Europe. By the conquest of the British arms, that large extent of territory, now denominated "British India," had become subject to the British scepter. The inhabitants of India assumed a new relation to the English. Conquest had made them brethren—brethren in their civil relations, though aliens and foreigners in all else. Under such circumstances, it was reasonable to expect, that British Christians

would be excited to prayers and efforts for the amelioration of the moral and religious condition of their Eastern empire.

As we withdraw our minds from those feeble efforts, and contemplate the more enlarged plans and brilliant success which now characterise missionary efforts, we are insensibly elated with joy and hope. This I do not censure. It is not only our privilege, but our duty likewise, to quicken our ardor and strengthen our faith by those stimuli which success never fails to impart; and surely in the success of missions we may discover abundant occasion for congratulation. In this enterprise success has, in most instances, been very widely disproportionate to the means employed; in all, it has doubtless surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine friends of the cause. Still there is a danger with regard to which we should be on our guard. As the cheering intelligence reaches us of the success which attends the labors of our missionaries—the multiplication of schools—the distribution of tracts and Bibles—the eagerness with which opportunities for religious instruction are embraced—the conversion of numbers, and training of some as native teachers and preachers;—I say as such intelligence reaches us, we are very liable to receive altogether erroneous impressions; to think that the long expected day of redemption has come—that success and ultimate triumph are secured, and that our efforts may be dispensed with, or, at least, abated. Such impressions are doubly injurious; for they are not only in the highest degree delusive, but it is their direct and legitimate tendency to counteract the little that has been done to rescue mankind from the thralldom of sin and death. No! it should pierce our souls with shame and deep repentance, that eighteen hundred years have rolled away, and millions upon millions, in thick and gloomy ranks, have been crowding the broad passage to—they knew not where, while the Christian world has scarcely breathed a prayer or raised a finger to effect their rescue: and even since the eyes of Christians have been opened, and the duty of sending the gospel through the earth perceived and acknowledged, how contracted have been their plans! how feeble and inadequate their efforts! There is no necessity for closing our eyes on the real state of the case; it can effect nothing but evil. It is still a humiliating truth, and one which should be reiterated unceasingly, that the work is but just commenced. If we would see, even at the end of the coming century, any thing like the conversion of the world, our efforts must be multiplied a hundred, yea, a thousand fold.

However the mass of Christians may feel and act, Foreign Missions are undoubtedly the great enterprise of the church. Towards this all benevolent efforts should aim, as the final, consummate end. Our Bible Societies, Tract Societies, Education Societies, and Home Missions, should all be prosecuted in subserviency to the grand design of converting the world to Christ. It is needless to remark, to how humiliating an extent this truth has been excluded from the mind. The unchristian maxim, "Charity begins at home," has shut out the distant heathen from the sympathies and charities of the great body of professing Christians, even. Not thus did the apostles act. When they had gathered a few churches, and collected a few witnesses to the truth among their own people, we find them dispersed among all nations, "preaching the word." They seemed to regard the command of their Lord as binding upon their consciences, and appeared to feel a sweet necessity to publish abroad his name. Says the great Apostle to the Gentiles, "Wo is me if I preach not the gospel."

My dear Christian reader, it may not be your duty or service to engage personally as a missionary to the heathen. Our circumstances may be such that it is plainly our duty not to go.—Still we are not released from the obligation to act, in our various spheres, and according to the ability which God has given us, in furtherance of the great design. It is a blessed trait in the economy of God's kingdom, that no individual member of

his church, be his station ever so conspicuous or ever so humble, need be debarred the privilege of laboring in its advancement. Has God given you wealth? your duty, then, is most obvious. When you became a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, you made a complete surrender of yourself to him, without any mental reservation—your time, your talents, every thing, in short, which gives you influence over others. The only question, then, which, as a disciple of Christ, you are at liberty to canvass, is, "How can I best employ my effects to glorify God?" This settled, your course is or should be determined. Look abroad then, over this world which Christ has purchased with his own blood. Contemplate with the eye of the Christian, those portions which a benignant Providence has clad in perpetual verdure, and decorated with enchanting beauty, filled with abominations, and polluted with sins at which the heart sickens. Think of the wretched condition of the tenants of these "gardens of the Lord"—fancy the deluded mother immolating her own life on the funeral pile of her husband, or tossing her lovely infant into the jaws of the crocodile—the Hindoo prostrating his body beneath the ear of Juggernaut;—and millions, all over the earth, bowing before deities whom their own hands have put in shape, or sacrificing human victims on the altars of devils!! Think too, yes, think of the mind, that portion of the Divinity, debased; the heart, seared and insensible; the intellect, blind to the evidence of a God which is reflected in every thing which meets the eye, while the miserable being feels his way along, confident in the expectation of reaching at last some one of the ten thousand heavens which he dreams of. Turn from this dark and dreary picture to the blessings of your own Christian land. Open the Bible which has illumined your mind, and which is guiding your feet to those mansions in the skies where you are longing to see your Saviour face to face. Say, do you wish to meet him there without having done what you could towards preaching the gospel to every creature? You may not be permitted to engage personally in the work; but you may preach the gospel on heathen ground by proxy. Your money may send thither the missionary, and your prayers may bring down success. You may also, my dear friend, if you choose, be excused from sharing in the toils, or partaking in the triumphs of the extension of Immanuel's kingdom; yes you may. Your withdrawal may perhaps defer the accomplishment of the prophecies: prevent them it cannot. They are determinate and sure, unchangeable as the throne of God. You may be excused; but then how will you stand before the dread tribunal, when there shall be assembled the redeemed "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation," under the whole heaven? Oh! how will you?

But, reader, it may be a wise Providence has not seen fit to bestow upon you a large portion of worldly good; and you may have despaired of ever effecting much for your Saviour in a world where men are mostly influenced by the adventitious circumstances of wealth and worldly consequence. But reflect, ere you come to so unfavorable a conclusion. You may not, perhaps, be able to influence a fellow being; but the power which prevails with man is essentially and totally diverse from the power which prevails with God. It is in moral worth that God has pronounced excellence to lie. The plebeian upon earth is often enrolled among heaven's nobility. What though your means be circumscribed, you know the way to a mercy seat. Grasping the sword of the Spirit, you may send from a contrite soul supplications and intercessions, which shall move the heart of Omnipotence, and thus make you the procurer of rich blessings upon, it may be, the Hindoo, the African, or the inhabitant of the islands of the sea. Remember, the weapons of our warfare are not carnal. All the wealth and talent that the universe affords, are but means.—They alone, unblest, could never convert a soul, or hasten an

hour the final triumph of the gospel. God is "all in all;" if He smiles upon our efforts, the arts of man nor devil can prevail against them: if He frown, they are impotent and vain.—Never, then, conclude that you can do nothing, while you may have power with God in prayer. The prayers of the humblest, obscurest Christian may effect what the arms of a Cæsar or a Bonaparte could never achieve—may be made effectual in the renovation of the globe, in hastening the day so long desired by the saints, and which the poet, imbibing inspiration from the theme, has painted in glowing colors:—

"One song employs all nations, and all cry,
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!'
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

A.

[For the Religious Intelligencer.]

READING NOVELS.

Mr. Editor—I beg leave to call the attention of your readers to the consideration of a few remarks in relation to an evil which has attained to no inconsiderable magnitude, even among the professed children of God. The evil to which I allude, is the *reading of novels*, and if you think the following remarks would tend to correct or in any degree lessen it, you will please give them an insertion in your paper.

One obvious effect of novel reading is, excitement. The style of novel writing and the story told are such, as to excite a person's feelings nearly as much as if they were a reality. They generally consist of an account of some of the most trying scenes which human nature ever undergoes; painted in as bright and glowing colors as the art of man can devise; gilded and embellished by men of expanded intellects and uncommon genius—men who have searched deep into the causes and carefully traced to their results, the various conditions of mankind, and who have portrayed in the most fascinating manner, the different operations of hope and despair, fear and revenge, love and hatred, envy and malice, deception, hypocrisy, &c. The effect of such books is easily conceived, and cannot have escaped the notice of the most careless observer. He who commences a novel is so involved by its bewitching style and allurements, that he can have no peace until it is finished; his mind is continually bent upon the story; it occupies his thoughts by day, and he goes through all the trying scenes he has read in the visions of the night; and as he reads, the cold sweat settles upon his face—his body trembles and shakes—he starts at the least noise or sound, and even trembles at a view of his own shadow. Yes, his feelings are wrought up to such a state of excitement that we find him toiling with the most intense anxiety even beyond the hour of midnight. This is no picture of fancy—this is no feat of the imagination, but it is the lamentable effect of novel reading—it is that state of excitement which novels invariably produce. Now, Mr. Editor, is not this an injurious state of feeling for any person to be in? Excitement, of whatever kind it may be, is universally admitted to exert an unhappy influence, but how much more is that excitement to be deprecated which is produced by a *fabulous narrative*?

The time also employed in reading novels is a loss of no inconsiderable value. If we will look at the number of novels from the pen of Sir Walter Scott alone, which have been printed in this country and Great Britain, and consider that each of these are probably read by one or more persons, we shall inevitably come to the conclusion that a vast amount of time is employed in the perusal of these books. In my opinion, this time is worse than lost, but if this is not the case, to how much better advantage could this time be employed? How much better would it be for him to employ his time in perfecting himself in some study which would honor and improve himself, and benefit mankind. How much better would it be for him instead

of employing his time with that which at the best can do no good, to prepare himself to be the bearer of glad tidings to those who sit in spiritual darkness and death? Or if Providence has designed him to move in a more humble sphere, to enable others on whom nature has bestowed the requisite qualifications, but whose pecuniary resources are narrow and limited, to enable them to prepare themselves for this laudable work.

Another evil of no small moment, is the money squandered for novels. There can be no doubt that a vast amount of money is thus wasted, when we consider the multitude of these books that have been printed and disposed of. Who, I would ask does this money come from? Is it from the rich alone? By no means. I have no doubt if it were possible to ascertain the pecuniary condition of those who purchase novels, we should find that the far greater portion of them were men of the poorer class; but be this as it may, we know that there are many who can scarcely provide food and clothing for their families, but will nevertheless spend their money for these attractive books. There are many who when asked to contribute to some benevolent object of the day, decline on account of their poverty, but who are at the same time spending their money for novels. But even if the rich were alone the sole purchasers the money would be none the less wasted. The man who has more than his proportionate share of this world's goods entrusted to his care, is under the same obligation to dispose of it in the best possible manner—to dispose of it in the same way that Christ in similar circumstances would dispose of it, as the individual to whom is entrusted but one talent.

There are a number of other obvious evils resulting from the reading of novels, but I will merely mention one. It employs the time and talents of those men who compose them, who might, by employing their powers of mind in some more laudable enterprise, be of great and lasting benefit to a perishing world. It is evident that if novel reading was held in universal contempt, or if it received the countenance of unprincipled men alone, there would be few men found who would be willing to display their genius and spend their lives in writing novels; and who can tell but what their expanded minds and cultivated intellects would be employed in the service of their maker?

I would close this short article, by imploring Christians, as they value their time, their money, their influence and example, and as they regard the account they will have to render unto God for the proper use of these and other gifts, to forsake a practice, the tendency of which is so clearly pernicious and fraught with ill consequences, that they may at the last day have the unspeakable happiness of having it said of them, "well done thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." V.

[For the Religious Intelligencer.]

SACRED MUSIC.

MR. EDITOR—Much has been said of late, in your paper, respecting the propriety of holding singing schools upon the Sabbath; and a considerable discussion has taken place upon other subjects connected with sacred music, which has excited a great degree of interest in the community. How far the arguments advanced in this discussion were based upon sound principles, or to how great an extent the assertions made were proved to be true, it is not my purpose to decide. Without adopting or condemning the opinions of either party, it is my intention to offer a few remarks upon a subject connected, although not very intimately, with the question then in dispute.

When an evil exists in the community, tending to lower the standard of Christian morals, it is our duty to decry it, however formidable it may appear, or how well sustained it may be

by great and illustrious names. So, if a society be established, whose pretended object is commendable, but which in reality does not effect the ends for which it was professedly founded—if it tends to injure rather than promote the cause of Christ—it should be condemned, without any inquiry under whose "presiding influences" it may flourish and become popular, or without any regard to the character of those who compose it. It may appear right for those who make no profession of religion to advocate and support such things; but does it become the disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus to uphold them?

In the articles already alluded to, sacred concerts were denounced as anti-christian, &c. These epithets, however, were applied to those that are given by individual choirs, attached to particular churches, and taking part in the services of the sanctuary, and not to an association of musical performers, whose principal objects are pecuniary considerations, and a wish to display their skill. If the former are "anti-christian," by what term shall we designate the latter?

But my chief object, in this communication, is to draw the attention of the public to the fact, that these concerts or 'oratorios' are given in our houses of worship, which are thus prostituted to secular purposes. Our Episcopal brethren, with a consistency which does them honor, have uniformly refused every application to use their churches for these objects, and it would be well for us to imitate their example, in this respect at least. But, waiving this fact, we have a higher authority.—"Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise," is the command of our Lord and Master; and yet, in seeming defiance of this declaration, the tables of the money changers are established in the temple of the living God. The question at once arises, is it right then to use the sanctuary, which has been consecrated to God, for purposes which have no connection with sacred worship? The answer is plainly in the negative. No reason can be adduced, either from scripture or any other source, to justify such a proceeding; nor can any excuse be given, that would not also free theatrical exhibitions, in the same place, from all censure. It may be said, that the music is of a sacred character, and that the performers themselves are professed followers of Christ; but this does not afford any excuse for trifling with sacred things, or for making that which should be appropriated solely to the worship of God, the means of filling the treasury of a musical association. It may also be urged, that the object of the performers is to promote and cultivate church music; but this cannot be the case, as the performances of concerts are entirely different from the praises of the sanctuary, and are never made use of in worshipping the Most High; and it has been remarked by the most competent judges, that concerts tend rather to injure than benefit sacred music. It may be further urged, that the church is the most convenient place in which to hold these exhibitions, and that there all may be accommodated. Even if no other place could be found, the argument would be invalid; but there are places which are exclusively devoted to purposes of this nature, although they may not be quite so capacious as is desired. What then is the reason that the house of God is always used upon these occasions? In my view, but one answer can be given, which appears very plausible, that it is to obtain an audience; for people generally suppose that whatever is transacted in the sanctuary cannot be wrong, and in this way many are induced to attend, who, were the concert or 'oratorio' given in another place, would not patronize it. It is to be hoped, that an intelligent and Christian community will frown upon these attempts to mingle sacred and profane things, and that the practice of employing our churches for these objects, will fall into disuse.

H.

Money, like manure, does no good until spread. There is no real use of riches, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.

[For the Religious Intelligencer.]
CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

Mr. Editor—My design in writing, is to impress more deeply upon the minds of professing christians, a sense of their responsibility, and to make them feel more sensibly the awful state of impenitent sinners. The blessed Saviour said to those who were affected in view of his sufferings, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." Have not professing christians cause to weep for themselves and for impenitent sinners on account of their hardness and insensibility, in view of the dreadful destruction that awaits the finally impenitent?—for the time is coming when they will be ready to call upon the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them.

The Lord no doubt will assist and bless those who pray for, and make faithful efforts to save sinners, and such will find great consolation in reflecting that they have been faithful and not neglected their duty. There will be a last warning and entreaty which christians can give, and a last hearing of calls and warnings to repent on the part of sinners, who in this highly favored land have had such powerful motives placed before them, yet notwithstanding the prayers and faithful exhortations which they have heard in the conference room, and preaching in the pulpit, urging them to repent and believe the gospel, they still go on in sin, and disbelieve what God says in his holy word, that the way of transgressors is hard, that those are blessed who hunger and thirst after righteousness. They are prone to judge of religion by what they see in its professors, and ought not the conversation and example of those who profess Christ, to be such as to show that they are indeed better and happier than those who make no pretension to religion. If christians are mindful of their solemn covenant vows, of their sacred obligations and responsibility to God, cheerful and active in his service, and constantly live in the lively exercise of grace, not slothful about their souls best interest, but encouraging one another by their prayers, good example, and conversation, feeling their high responsibility to God; then when called to die, or amid the agonies of dissolving nature, they may look upward and say, "I know that when this earthly house of my tabernacle shall fail, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Happy they who can trust thus firmly in the Saviour, "whom having not seen they love, and though now they see him not yet rejoice in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory." ZION'S FRIEND.

[For the Religious Intelligencer.]
CIRCULAR OF THE REVIVAL TRACT SOCIETY.

This Society has been supposed by some to be in opposition to the American Tract Society. Nothing can be further from the truth. Its projectors and supporters have ever been active friends of the A. T. S. But they supposed that owing to the structure of that institution, as a union of different classes and denominations, it must necessarily leave a portion of the tract field unoccupied, which ought to be filled. In perfect good will, therefore, this new society was projected, as a friendly and earnest effort to meet the deficiency, in part at least. If it shall succeed in doing good which otherwise would have remained undone, that will be sufficient proof that there was room and necessity for it. The Society was formed without either funds or agencies, with the intention to let its affairs take such direction as the providence of God might seem to indicate.

THE TRACTS.

The Committee have a series of eleven Tracts which they offer to the public. The following list shows the titles, size and price of the tracts already published.

1. *The Crucible*, 12 pages, price, one cent,—This has been revised by the Committee, and stereotyped.
2. *Plain Conversation*, 4pp. 1-3 cent,—This has heretofore

been extensively known by the name of "The New Tract." It has been revised by the author, at the request of the Committee.

Prayer Meetings, 12pp. one cent.—Written for the committee, at their particular request. It ought to go to every Christian who prays in social meetings.

4. *The Eleventh Hour*, 12pp. one cent.—An exposition of the Lord's parable of the laborers in the vineyard, showing the "eleventh hour," or last special call is often passed in early life.

5. *Men Responsible*, 12pp. one cent.—This is the temperance Address published in the Evangelist of Aug. 11, and since published in the Albany Temperance Recorder, and the Religious Intelligencer. It shows that those who promote or allow the use of ardent spirits are guilty of the murder perpetrated by it, on the same ground with the owner of the murderous ox. in Ex. xxi. 28, 29.

6. *The Rich Man*, 8pp. 2-3 cent.—Showing the guilt and danger of those who hold or accumulate property which they do not need for the support of their families, and do not use for the glory of God.

7. *The Sinner's Cannot*, 12pp. one cent.—The more common pleas and excuses of impenitent sinners are met and answered, in a plain and popular way; particularly that most insidious plea, "I cannot repent."

8. *Judson's Letter*, 12pp. one cent.—This celebrated production has already made deep impression on the public mind, in favor of plain dress; and will doubtless become a powerful instrument of arresting the tendency to extravagance and vain show among professing Christians.

9. *The True Witness* 12pp. one cent.—A very simple and intelligible exhibition of the force of our Saviour's testimony to the fact that the punishment of the wicked will be everlasting.

10. *Unhallowed Marriages*. 12pp. one cent.—Altered from an English publication, and showing in a forcible manner, the guilt incurred by a Christian in marrying an unbeliever.

11. *Are you Happy?*—A Conversation between a Christian and a gay young lady, on the extent, causes and cure of unhappiness.

THE SMALL SERIES.

The following are the titles, each one containing eight pages 32mo. price half a cent, or handsomely covered, one cent.

1. *The Last Call*. Narrative of a young lady who grieved away the Holy Spirit in early life, and afterwards died in great horror.

2. *Plain Conversations*. The same as number 2 of the other series.

3. *It Happened*. A dialogue between a Western Hunter and an Atheist, showing the absurdity of believing the world to be uncaused. First Published in the Pioneer.

4. *Revival Hints*. Containing useful suggestions to Christians in time of revival.

5. *The Letter*. Addressed to a young lady who had recently become pious, and giving advice suitable to such a case.

6. *The Suicide*. Mr. McClure's celebrated funeral sermon, "Go thou and do likewise."

7. *Friendly Warning*. Select passages of scripture suited to be placed in the hands of those who may be in danger of breaking the 7th commandment.

8. *Sin Found Out*. An address to Sabbath School children by Rev. John A. James of Birmingham.

DEPOSITORIES.

The way is now prepared for the establishment of depositories in different parts of the country. And for this object, the committee rely solely on the efforts of the friends of revivals in our large towns. If they wish a depository, the way is

for them to engage a suitable person to keep it, and then raise among themselves the amount of money that is necessary to furnish a depository. The sum will vary according to the extent of country to be supplied from the depository, the demand anticipated, and the greater or less facility of communication with the general depository. To meet the expense of conducting these depositories, the committee have adopted the rule, to allow to depositories a deduction of ten per cent on all purchases. Larger depositories, on their ordering not less than a thousand copies of any one tract, will be allowed a discount of 20 per cent.

TERMS.—In all cases Cash.

Orders for tracts will be promptly attended to by S. W. Benedict & Co. the agents of the Society, at the General Depository, Evangelist Office, 20 Ann street, New York. By order of the Committee,

JOSHUA LEAVITT, Sec. of Com.

N. B. A Depository of the Revival Tracts is kept by Mr. H. Mansfield, State-st. New Haven.

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

The following remarks of a writer from the North, which we copy from the Repository, exhibit the character of the Colonization Society in its true light. We are sorry to see the friends of abolition fighting against themselves, and trying so hard to weaken the confidence of the public in this benevolent institution. We wish them God speed in all lawful measures for the speedy abolition of slavery, but we cannot approve of their hostility to the Colonization Society. Her main object, as the writer shows, is to benefit the free people of color; and yet, she has done more, we believe, for the emancipation of slaves, and conferred greater blessings on Africa, than all her opposers will accomplish in a hundred years. The writer says:

The leading objection at the North to the American Col. Society is, that it is doing nothing for the slave; nothing towards breaking up the system of slavery in our land. Let it be admitted to the credit of this objection, that it springs from a good spirit—from an impatience of one of our great national evils. But how unreasonable is it to direct such an objection against our Society! Why not as well direct it against the Am. Bible or Am. Tract Society? The avowed object of these Societies, is to multiply and distribute Bibles and Tracts. The avowed object of our Society is clearly expressed in the 2d article of its constitution. "The object to which its attention is to be exclusively directed, is to promote and execute a plan for the colonizing (with their consent) the Free People of Color residing in our country, in Africa or such other place as Congress shall deem most expedient." The constitution of our Society is as clear of all words about slaves and slavery, as is the constitution of the American Bible or Tract Society. There is not a word in our constitution, that shows any design on our part to benefit the slave. It confines its scope to another class of our fellow men—and to require from our Society any direct efforts in behalf of slaves, would be to require us to violate our constitution; and to denounce us for not having organized our Society with an express reference to the necessity of both of these classes of persons, is as unreasonable as it would be to denounce the Am. Temperance Society for not having coupled with its enterprise the suppression of Lotteries.

Let us be arraigned before the public in our true character—the character we originally assumed, and have ever since scrupulously maintained—and we do not fear the result. Is it charged, that in confining its regard to the free people of color in our country, our constitution has too narrow an object in view? We reply, that there are already several hundred thousands of this people, and that from the disabilities and discouragements to which they are subject here, their condition is, with a few meritorious exceptions, fruitful of

misery to themselves and burdensome and corrupting to others. Is it charged, that we have done but little for our free people of color? We admit the justness of the charge. But while our ardent wishes would have accomplished a hundred fold more, we still claim for ourselves the Saviour's commendation of Mary: "we have done what we could;" and the acceptance is, "according to what a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." Our little Colony speaks for itself and for what God has enabled us to do. Its 2500 happy inhabitants; its schools and churches; its civil government; its commerce, already amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year,—all testify, that our Society has not existed in vain, and that the most severe, while they reproach us for not having done more, cannot fail of according to us some praise for what we have done.

But notwithstanding the colonization of our free people of color is the only object and business of the Society, it is nevertheless true, that, in calculating the value of the Society and its claims to public favor, we are to take into the account whatever of benefit or injury to other people and interests, is consequent upon or connected with the operations of the Society. If our Society is so faultily constituted that it cannot proceed in its work of doing good to our free people of color, without occasioning a greater amount of evil to others, then it deserves to be abandoned. But is it so constituted? I believe it is not pretended, that the operations of our Society are injurious to the interests of our white population. All agree, that the removal of colored persons from our land is a relief to these interests. —In the next place, has Africa reason to complain of the bearing of our Society upon herself? So far from that, the settlements, which our Society is making on her coast, promise to be more efficient in delivering her from the afflictions of the slave trade, and in spreading the principles of christianity and civil liberty amongst her benighted people, than any other means, that have been devised for her relief. These settlements are already giving cheering earnestness of their tendency both to abolish the slave trade and to lift up the African character out of its degradation and wretchedness. It remains then to consider, whether the operations of our society are disadvantageous to our slaves; and whether they do, as it is alledged they do, rivet their chains and diminish the probability of their ultimate freedom. In accordance with what we have said before, it is absurd to argue against our Society on the ground, that it confers no benefit on the slave. It was not instituted to exert directly a beneficial influence upon him. It has not that merit. It was instituted for another purpose. The Society is glad, if its operations are indirectly beneficial to our slaves, or to any other class of persons. It admits at the same time, that it is responsible for all the ill that it works, however indirectly or unexpectedly, to the slave. Though the society should be doing immense good to twenty millions of the inhabitants of Africa, yet we would not have that good continued at the expense of the rights and interest of our two millions of slaves.—Useful indeed as the Society would appear, even upon this supposition of its opposite effects; yet, its character would not entitle it to the patronage of a citizen of the U. States. Upon him peculiarly our slaves have strong claims for protection and kindness; and he must be the last person to harm them, and to make their condition more deplorable than it is. But to return to the inquiry, whether our Society works ill to our slaves. In what respect does it? Do masters, will masters make the bondage of their slaves severer, and subject them to a more rigid discipline, in proportion as our country is drained of its free population? The very reverse of this is true. The master, whether justly or not, dreads the free people of color as the prolific and the only considerable source of depravation, discontent and rebellion to his slave; and but for their

presence, he would accord to him many privileges and relaxations that he now withholds from him, and would venture far in mitigating the features of his bondage. Does the Colonization Society make masters more tenacious of their slaves and more unwilling to emancipate them? This has long been predicted, as one of the effects of our Society. But how false the prediction is may be surely inferred from the fact, that a great and rapidly increasing proportion of all the persons removed by the Society to Liberia are slaves, manumitted by their owners for the express, stipulated purpose of their emigration to Africa; and from the further fact, that owners of slaves are now offering thousands of them for this same purpose. Both the disposition and the interest of slave holders on this point, have been and are still extensively misapprehended. A great proportion of our slave holders have a regard for the happiness of their slaves, which is paramount to all their calculations of gain from them; and their emancipation of their slaves will fully keep pace with the removal of the impediments to it. This removal our Society is most happily calculated to effect; and herein it is doing more to aid in the abolition of slavery than can be done by any direct efforts for this object. Equally mistaken too is the opinion, that should the Society succeed in removing from the country a considerable portion of those who are now slaves, the remainder would be worth proportionably more to their masters. Far more probable is it, that the space occasioned by this emigration would be filled by our expansive white population, and that what is already found to be true in many parts of Maryland and Virginia would be found true elsewhere—viz: that slave labor in the presence and under the competition of free labor, is almost, if not quite valueless.

But there is another point of view, in which the society may claim its tendency to loosen the bonds of our slaves; and herein do I find my greatest encouragement to continue to do for the American Colonization Society all I can do. For, but for my firm belief, that the Society is preparing the way for the abolition of slavery in our country—I mean preparing the way for the slaveholder to practice the kindness of his heart and to consult his interest in emancipating his slaves—I confess my interest in the Society would be comparatively small. I might still value it for its usefulness to Africa and to our free people of color; but, its indirect blessings for the slave, are what most of all endear the Society to me.

When Africa, principally through the agency of our Society, shall have risen up from her deep degradation and clothed herself with the garments of civilization, then her outcast children on our shores will feel the blessed influences of her renovated character. These reflex influences of our work in Africa, will be an abundant recompense for all our toils and sacrifices in that work. Then, it will no longer be said, in reference to our expenditure of money or of precious life, "to what purpose is this waste?" The time, when Africa, civilized and christianized, shall take her place among the nations of the earth, will be the time of the redemption of the African character all over the globe. Surely and speedily as the stream conforms to the change in its fountain head, so surely and speedily will the African, wherever his lot may be cast, feel upon his own spirit the regenerating influence of his father land. When the civilization of Africa shall have advanced so far, and the time have come for our having a measure of that reciprocal intercourse with her in commerce and science, which we have with Europe; when African ships, manned and owned by Africans, shall be in our ports; when African governments shall be officially represented at the seat of our government, and intelligent Africans shall visit our country and receive at our hands those attentions of which every intelligent foreigner is sure; then there will be moral influences at work among us, that will rapidly relieve our slave of

his present degrading and mortifying relations to society.—The master will be quick to feel these influences and to yield to them. His slave will now present himself before his mind as his fellow-man and his equal, and under new associations, that will deprive him of all his wish or power to continue him in bondage.

But I am making too long a letter, and will stop. We are willing to have the scheme of the American Colonization Society scrutinized in all its aspects and bearings; in all its operations, direct and incidental. It will be still found to merit Mr. Clay's high and happy eulogium upon it. Its "good will be felt by the Africans who go, by the Africans who remain, by the white population of our country, by Africa and America. It is a project, which recommends itself to favor in all the aspects in which it can be contemplated. It will do good in any and every extent in which it may be executed. It is a circle of philanthropy, every segment of which tells and testifies to the beneficence of the whole."

[From the Philadelphian.]

PRESBYTERIAN EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The Presbyterian Education Society has now been in operation about fifteen years. It has managed its affairs with the utmost caution. Its expenses are great. But it has never gone beyond its ability. Having always met each demand as soon as made. Yet it has never had any resources more permanent than Christian liberality, and God's kindness. Appeals have often been made to these two sources, and never in vain; and we still feel inclined to live and pray, like the good man in his family, when he repeats the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread."

The work in which this Society is embarked, is one of the first importance to the Church of God, and our country. Our object is a plain and grand one: to give a good, well educated Teacher of God's word to every parish in our land; and collect a scattered population every where under the order, and improving influence of the gospel. Much has already been accomplished. But so much remains to be done, that we almost forget what is behind, and press forward.

Young men are constantly presenting themselves. We cannot refuse them. We have given our pledge to the churches, that all their valuable indigent sons shall be educated, if they desire it. The vacancies in the Presbyterian church alone, now demand more than 1000 pastors; and several thousands are required for other destitute population.

Revivals of religion are now so extensive that the number to be educated is vastly more numerous than formerly. Nearly one half of our beneficiaries, (between 300 and 400) have been received during the last year. A greater amount of funds, is now demanded, than at any former time.

Application has been made to several churches in this city and much has been done. Yet it is believed, many gentlemen may be found, to whom the subject has not been presented, who are disposed to contribute to the funds of this Society. To such gentlemen the appeal is now made. Mr. McClelland, No. 100 Market street, is our Treasurer, and will transmit any funds which may be lodged in his hands.

The success of this Society must materially influence all other benevolent operations. For the great want of an intelligent ministry, must embarrass, if not defeat all charitable efforts. Oh, then, come and help us.

E. CHEEVER,
Financial Sec. of Pres. Ed. Soc.

The numerous friends of the Rev. Edwin Stevens, American Seamen's Chaplain at Canton, who sailed in the ship Morrison, from Philadelphia, in July last, will be gratified to learn that a letter from him has been received in town, dated "Straits of Sunda, Sep. 26, 1832."

He was well, and had had a good passage, though he suffered severely from sea sickness. He felt cheerful in view of his work, and was encouraged by an unusual seriousness which appeared on board the ship, both in the cabin and fore-castle.

L.

N. Y. Observer.

From the New York Evangelist.

Mr. Editor: Being present at the communion service in one of the churches in this city, a few Sabbaths since in a large congregation, the minister read some rules of exclusion, for impenitent professors. I send them to you, as they may be of use to other churches. After they were read, I observed a magistrate got up and walked out; then a rum-selling professor; and several persons let the elements pass them without partaking. What think you of such a new measure?

Yours, &c.

S. A.

FENCE FOR THE COMMUNION TABLE.—All are invited who are in good standing in any orthodox church with the following exceptions:

1. Those who live vain and trifling lives, or who indulge in habitual levity.
2. All idle persons, who pursue no honest employment.
3. All who attend places of sinful amusement, theaters, balls, &c.
4. All who entertain ill will or hatred towards any one; this is murder.
5. All who originate or circulate slander of brethren, or any one else.
6. All who have unsettled difficulties with others that might be settled.
7. All who are engaged in any unlawful or sinful employment, such as lottery gambling, buying or vending tickets, making or vending ardent spirits, &c.
8. All who use ardent spirits, or give them to others.
9. All heads of families who neglect family prayer.
10. All who do not keep their word in business.
11. Who are conscious of having committed a scandalous offense unknown to the church.
12. Who live in such neglect, or practice as to lay a stumbling block before the church or world.

Cherishing.—It is animating to observe the interest manifested in the appropriations for foreign tract distribution. A gentleman in Albany writes: "I read yesterday in the newspaper, the interesting circular of the American Tract Society, stating that the committee had resolved immediately to appropriate \$10,000 for foreign countries. Enclosed you have my check of \$100 towards the amount."

An anniversary meeting of benevolent societies, in Washington county, N. Y. was convening, when a friend took the above-named document from the post office, and laid it before the meeting; where it was resolved that \$500 would be raised in that county, in part of the \$10,000.

The Female Auxiliary of Danville, Ky. have also remitted \$100 for the same object.

ib.

A VIVID PICTURE.

Here then is the evil. 300,000 drunkards; \$30,000,000 squandered; 150,000 paupers; 16,000 criminals; three fourths of all the casualties; one half the insanities; and 30,000 deaths annually. Here, said he, is the evil. Patriots, philanthropists, mere men, will you look at it? He did not aim to excite the passions of the audience. He despised such an attempt. He addressed himself to their rational powers by holding up to their view facts in all their blood. These facts he wished them to look at. First, let the 150,000 paupers pass along in their rags. Would the audience look at them? Sitting here, surrounded with comforts, they could not

duly appreciate such a spectacle. But, said he, if your last bed, were going under the hammer, and your wives and children were already on their way to join the motley group, then you could appreciate it without difficulty. Next in the procession, came the 1500 insane persons—and now behold the maniac laugh?—'Oh, if I had a brother,' say you, 'or a sister, or a father, or a mother, in that company of maniacs, how could I feel?' Multiply the distress you would feel by ten thousand, and you will know something of the sum total of distress thus occasioned. Now make room, says he for the 16,000 criminals, dungeoned by the use of intoxicating drink. Don't look at their wives and children—the evil is not there—but at the universal insecurity of life and property which quivered all the land over. And now let the 300,000 drunkards join in the procession; see their spewing and hear their dreadful oaths, as they pass along. And finally pile up 30,000 bodies of dead men, in all their blood—and then remember what God has said of the drunkard. Firm nerved men have trembled like children at the mimicry of the theater. But here are facts, in comparison with which the highest wrought representations of the theater are tame.—*Weld's Lecture.*

Revivals.

REVIVALS IN NEW-JERSEY.

A correspondent in Sussex county, N. J. says: There has been, during the last six or eight months past, a powerful work of God in this region of country. It is still in progress in some of the churches, and we hope will continue in all as there may be subjects found to be wrought upon from time to time. In a group of nine churches there have been six or seven hundred souls hopefully converted. Under God these are the fruits of a protracted meeting, and what some term new measures, viz: calling out the anxious in the presence of the congregation.

REVIVAL IN BRATTLEBOROUGH.

Extract of a letter communicated to the Evangelist by a friend, dated Brattleborough, Vt. Jan. 11, 1833.

"For four months past there has been an increasing interest in the church. In September there were a few conversions. Since that time there have been more instances of conversion; and what was more interesting, some of them were almost hopeless cases. One was that of a violent opposer, who attended a protracted meeting in the other village, and went in lest he should appear to be afraid of being converted. Another case was that of a young lawyer of fine abilities, who had been deeply convicted, and listened for years to the most powerful preaching in the land. He comes out boldly for Christ, and espouses his cause before his scoffing opposers.

I informed you of the determination of our church to hold a protracted meeting in our village. A wide field of usefulness opened before the church. The waters were troubled. Some sinners were scoffing; some were thinking that the present was the most favorable opportunity they would ever enjoy of laying hold of the prize; and the Christians were trembling, warning, exhorting and entreating. It was evident that the Lord was present and would listen to the prayers of his people.

The services commenced on Monday evening, and were awfully solemn. I believe there were eighteen or twenty ministers present during the meeting, and we have reason to believe that there was as thorough heart-searching among them as among any part of the congregation. Three clerical prayer meetings at the house of the minister were held each day, besides the public prayer meetings; and then, those who were to preach were designated and prayed over, until they

seemed literally distressed with a sense of the awful responsibility of their situation. So that before the close of the services they could scarcely be prevailed upon to enter the desk. The Lord sent us the Rev. Dr. Packard from Shelburn, to follow up the sermons, and it seemed as if his heart was enlarged to speak to the people. Indeed, before the second day closed, the house was none other than the gate of heaven. But the servant whose labors were most abundantly blessed was the Rev. Mr. ———, from the west. He was educated for a Catholic priest in Detroit; but was awakened in a Methodist class meeting. So violent was the opposition of his friends that through fear he left them, destitute of every thing (except nine shillings) and came to Buffalo. There he tried to support himself by laboring some as a mechanic, until his health failed. Afterwards he was advised to become a Methodist minister. In this he continued for several years. Hearing Mr. Finney preach on depravity, he was led to embrace the Presbyterian faith, and at length accompanied Mr. Finney in his labors. Added to his natural abilities, and education, which are of the best kind, he has had much experience. And for the clearness, and ease, with which he convinced all of their condition, I never found his superior, if his equal. He spends much of his time in prayer; and it seems as if the Holy Spirit, dwelling in him, comes out upon the congregation when he speaks. During the meeting he preached on the evenings, and the effect of his sermons was very powerful. At the close of the meeting, there were from 75 to 90 persons impressed and hoping. Even then Christians did not seem to come up to the work as was necessary, to witness the mighty power of God. They had placed too much dependence on the means; but the Lord did not leave us, and before the close of the week succeeding the meeting, there was a process of heart-searching going on in the church to an extent scarce ever known here. No one relaxed his efforts; no one seemed to feel satisfied; and blessed be God, there never was a time when they seemed to feel as they do now, or when there was greater encouragement to press forward.

At an evening meeting, in a retired part of the town, where several violent opposers had been converted, when those were asked to rise who desired the prayers of Christians, an individual became so deeply impressed with a sense of guilt, that it became necessary to remove her from the room. She afterwards returned, and now hopes that she has submitted to Christ on the terms of the gospel. At another prayer meeting, the same evening, where were some of our most prominent men, a very deep solemnity prevailed. The impenitent trembled and wept, and Christians seemed pressed down under a sense of their solemn responsibility to labor in the cause of the Lord. We hope that one, who had been hostile to the doctrines of grace, who had been before ashamed, and is a man of consequence, bowed to the grace of God. The Lord has manifested his power and mercy, and reclaimed one of whom we had no hope. There have been some intemperate persons, and nearly all their families brought in. The opposition has been violent; and some have even gnashed with their teeth. Blessed be God the power is in His hand. Nor are we alone blessed. In the other village there have been many conversions. There is a very interesting revival in Northfield, Mass twelve miles from us. In Hinsdale, N. H. six miles from us, a powerful revival has begun, and this waste place is visited with mercy from on high. Glory to the name of God."

WESTERN, MASS., Jan. 28, 1833.

Brother Leavett—I wish to give you some account of a protracted meeting and revival recently enjoyed among the people of my charge. Our meeting commenced on the 20th of November last, and was of six days continuance, including the Sabbath. Soon after

the commencement, it was evident that some members of the church were wrestling earnestly with God; but three days of the meeting passed away without witnessing any cases of hopeful conversion. On the evening of the third day, a meeting was appointed for personal conversation with such as desired it, at which a goodly number were present, but they seemed more like persons rationally convinced that religion was the one thing needful, than like those who are seeking God with all their hearts. On the morning of the 4th day, Christians felt that unless they had immediate help from God, all efforts were in vain; and they prayed as though fully sensible that the throne of grace was their only resort. That was, I cannot doubt, the birth day of souls. At the meeting for inquiry in the evening, several were found who believed that they had given up all for Christ, and were rejoicing in hope of everlasting life. The night following was emphatically a night of prayer. On the morning of the 5th day, the first intelligence which I heard from abroad, was that our pulpit Bible had just been found in the rear of the sanctuary, torn in pieces and trampled in the mud. I was not surprised, for I knew we were in a land of enemies, nor was I discouraged, for I could not doubt that the God of heaven seeing such indignity cast upon his word would reveal himself. Thus it proved. The day was a day of thrilling interest. Christians came forward with streaming eyes, and standing on the same spot where they first consecrated themselves to God, renewed their self-dedication, and sought strength to labor for Christ with increasing faithfulness.

After this, others were invited to come to the same place, to unite in the prayers of Christians, and give themselves forever to him who died for their salvation. Not a few came who were already rejoicing in hope, and others, weighed down under a sense of needed mercy. Immediately a young man, a native of this place, a highly respectable family, who had been for years an acknowledged leader in every scene of hilarity and vain amusement, and at one time an advocate for the ensnaring, soul-killing doctrine of universal salvation, arose and addressed the congregation. He had been one of that class of men who make this world their all, and look upon the religion of the cross as something infinitely beneath them; but he now declared himself ready to renounce the pleasures of earth, and to bear reproach for the name of Jesus. Several others who clung with their whole might to that fatal doctrine which at first "brought death into the world, and all our woe,"—that doctrine which teaches that men may sin and go unpunished, have renounced it, as one of the old serpent's wiles, and now hope for salvation through repentance towards God, and faith in Christ.

We have seen an interesting number, plucked as we hope, as brands from the burning. Among them are several who have character, and talent, and influence, to qualify them for extensive usefulness in the cause of Christ. But while we rejoice, we have abundant cause to weep; for we are in a place where the seeds of error, which have been sown by the great enemy of souls, have taken deep root, and sprung up, and shot forth branches, and are now yielding a destructive harvest of poisonous fruit. The doctrine of universal salvation, the devil's masterpiece of folly, is that on which not a few undying spirits are fostering their immortal hopes, clinging to it with an obduracy and an infatuation which give fearful reason to believe that they will never renounce it until they awake with the rich man in hell.

Yours,

CHARLES FITCH.

New Congregational Church in Concord, N. H.—A colony from the Rev. Mr. Bouton's Church at Concord, N. H., have recently organized a Church in the western section of that town, and on the 5th ult. their new meeting house was dedicated to the service of Almighty God. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Bouton, from Gen. xiii. 8.

Poetry.

[From the Christian Secretary.]

APPEAL FROM BURMAH.

Occasioned by reading the Letter of the Burman Missionaries to the Churches.

Up to the golden Ava,—up to her
Who sitteth as a lady in her pride,
Among the eastern nations! Bid her lay
Her pagan glory at the feet of Christ,
And o'er her glittering turrets plant his cross—
—The Burman princes die, they gape their way
Through the dark valley, and none girdeth them
For their returnless journey.—Send the flame
Of God's eternal word, that they may light
The soul's deep lamp, ere flitting life go out,
And humbly cast before the King of kings
Their crowns barbaric.

Servants of the Lord!

Who at your ease, in yon best western clime,
Do throng his altar—Sheltered from the storm
And from the heat—to whom the heathen's cry
Far off and deadened by the ocean wave,
Doh come so soft as scarce to wake the prayer,—
Is Brauerd's spirit dead?—Is there no soul
Like Martyr's left among you?—Doh the zeal
Of Fisk and Parsons perish in their graves?
Ye too, who in the sacred shrine of home
Are priestesses—remember ye, who stood
By Judson's side, so faithful unto death,
Who, out of tribulation, found her robe
Made white in Jesus' blood!

Thou God of love!

Hold back the curse of Meroz from our land,
Which, fed to fulness with the bread of heaven,
Steps o'er her cup of blessings, and forgets
To gather up the fragments of the feast,
For famish'd, suppliant Burmah.—

Hartford, Jan. 13, 1833.

L. H. S

REV. SAMUEL A. WORCESTER.

In a discourse pronounced in the Centre church in Hartford, Conn. at the celebration of the last anniversary of the Hartford county Pence Society, the Rev. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, paid the following merited tribute to Mr. Worcester, who has been recently released from imprisonment by the Governor of Georgia.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"Samuel A. Worcester, one of the missionaries now confined in the penitentiary of the State of Georgia, is a man with whom it is my privilege to have had an intimate acquaintance. Considering the ignominy and revilings, as well as the physical hardships which he suffers in the cause of righteousness and freedom, I feel myself bound, on every fit occasion, to offer my solemn testimony to the public in his behalf. He is not, what many who join in the anti-missionary clamor suppose him to be, an ignorant, rude, and flaming fanatic, but a man of superior native talent, delicate and honorable sensibilities, finished liberal and professional education, and cool, deliberate, intelligent, yet devoted piety. I have had the happiness of seeing many admirable examples of christian character; but a man more invariably and minutely conscientious than this man, less capable of any undue influence from the example and opinions of others, or in a higher degree exempt from every bias of selfishness and passion, I have never

known. It was not an erratic genius which carried him to his work among the Indians; few men have more of the plain, practical common sense of New England. It was not any inability to find employment in some lucrative, and, according to this world's judgment, more honorable station; the great respectability of his connexions, as well as the vigor of his own talents, precludes such a supposition; had he given himself to science or to learning, he might have adorned a university. It was the humble and self-denying desire of doing good, which made him a missionary. When the government of Georgia commanded him to abandon his peaceful work, or to take the oath of allegiance as their subject, he looked to see by what authority they spake; and, convinced that they had no just jurisdiction over his person, or over the territory on which they resided, he calmly and clearly informed them of the views on which he should act. The correspondence between him and Gov. Gilmer, on that occasion, (see *Missionary Herald* for 1831, pp. 248—251,) will sufficiently show which of the two is the most of a man; and—without designing to disparage the knightly breeding of His Excellency, I venture to add, it will show which of the two is the most truly a gentleman. Having fully stated what he should do, he quietly pursued his course in the spirit of one whom neither threats nor violence could intimidate. Like the great Apostle who asserted his privileges as a Roman citizen, he meekly insisted on his rights as an American. Like the Apostle appealing to Cæsar, he put himself under the laws and courts of the nation. Whether he was right in regarding the jurisdiction attempted to be set up over the Cherokee territory as an usurpation, and therefore refusing to take the prescribed oath of allegiance, we have now no occasion to inquire; the most august tribunal of the nation, from which there is no appeal in this world but to violence, has decided that question.

"Such is one of the men whom the proud chivalry of Georgia is not afraid to shut up with the vilest criminals of a noisome prison, and to hold there in open defiance of the constitution of the United States. But he has carried with him what all the gold which his oppressors hope for cannot purchase, a cheerful and happy mind. And as the lions in their den crouched before the prophet of God; so in the prison where this man and his companion in tribulation are permitted, to pray and sing praises to their Lord, men more degraded than the untamed beasts, have bowed before the majesty of virtue, and at the presence of injured yet uncomplaining godliness, the lion has 'put on the nature of a lamb.'"

NOTICE.

Mr. Turner, an agent of the New York State Temperance Society, will be in this city next Thursday evening, and he has kindly offered to deliver an address, or make a statement of the temperance reform in that state. They are doing more probably in the State of New York than in any other place. More than 6000 have been added to the cause of total abstinence at the meetings attended by Mr. Turner during the last year.

The meeting will be holden in the Center Church at 7 o'clock.

March 1.

TERMS.—To city subscribers, delivered, \$2 50, in advance.—To mail subscribers, \$2 in advance; \$2 50, if not paid in three months. Agents who are accountable for six or more copies, will be allowed one copy gratis, or a commission of ten per cent.

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